## **Hands Off the Bayou**

## **Pavement**

Run, run to the east confession trash We don?t need your thrills or your call-book cash Let just, nature?s got plans to keep you up there Swamps, fiddles that whine, about the Mayor Our caves are divine, they?ve got conditioned air Fan-tail, backwash factory, rooms will stay up here Hands off of the bayou (Get some bombs) Heels, stay in your state, it's a new south trap What, what is the bait? Ya silly aqua-cat War, college exam, you know I learned a lot About the fiction you tossed and the father's fat and lost Your fail less father lost, your chivalry is lost Your chivalry in shame Hands off of the bayou (Get some bombs)